

SHE HAD CONSTANT PAIN

Until Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dewittville, N.Y.—"Before I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered nearly all the time with headaches, backaches, and bearing down pains, and had a continuous pain in my left side. It made me sick if I tried to walk much, and my back was so weak that I was obliged to wear corsets all the time. But now I do not have any of these troubles. I have a fine strong baby daughter now, which I did not have before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. A. A. Giles, Route 44, Dewittville, N.Y.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

ENCAMPMENT NAMES OFFICERS FOR YEAR

Odd Fellows of New Mexico Will Meet Next Year in Albuquerque

Roswell, N.M., Oct. 12.—The grand encampment of New Mexico, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, yesterday elected the following officers for the ensuing term, and adjourned to meet in Albuquerque in 1912:

J. R. Hills, of El Paso, grand patriarch.

N. B. Stevens, of Albuquerque, grand high priest.

W. W. Ogles, of Roswell, grand senior warden.

R. S. Gravens, of Roswell, grand junior warden.

S. C. Gerres, of Artesia, grand scribe.

J. C. Spears, of Gallup, grand treasurer.

G. M. Reimes, of Hagerman, grand inside sentinel.

W. A. Tenney, of Albuquerque, grand outside sentinel.

Alfred Jells, of El Paso, grand representative to the sovereign grand encampment.

J. W. Searle, age 25 years, died Wednesday as a result of a kick from a horse he was driving Monday. He had been manager for the hotel branch house of the Singer Sewing Machine company.

Eyle Fox, the promoter of Jay-way and the shipwreck flights at the Products exposition, last week, was brought from Chihuahua and pleaded not guilty to the charge of embezzling exposition money. All cases against Fox and his wife were dismissed after he had paid all debts.

Owing to the visit of customers to the Products exposition held here last week, the real estate men attribute 21 realty sales. Half of this number will locate in the valley.

VALENTINE IMPROVEMENT CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS.

Valentine, Texas, Oct. 12.—The members of the Valentine Improvement club met in the high school auditorium and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Mrs. C. O. Finney, vice president, Mrs. Lester S. Smith, secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary Smith.

Mrs. H. E. Hargus is convalescing from an attack of fever.

Mrs. R. B. Jones, who has been employed by the Valentine Drug company, resigned her position and went to Albuquerque, N.M., in order that her son might enter college there. Her position with the company here will be filled by Hicks Gray.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By Harry Russell Miller. Copyright, 1910, by Bobba Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Bob McAdoo, fatherless waif, runs away from home and becomes a newsboy and mill employee in the Steel City. He lives with policeman Finn.

Bob becomes a hero in the ward and when Haggins threatens to take his friend, Jim McHaffey's job from him, Bob decides to fight the political boss of the ward.

McAdoo whips Haggins, a prizefighter and saloonkeeper, and becomes boss of the Fourth ward. MacPherson, of the Citizens' party, seeks his aid.

Bob saves the life of Eleanor Gilbert, sister of Henry Sanger, the steel king, but treats her roughly and with contempt. He negotiates with MacPherson. His support elects the Citizens' party ticket. Kathleen Flinn helps to educate him. McAdoo is cold and heartless, and power is the only thing he loves.

Paul Remington, a young politician, proposes an alliance with McAdoo, who rebuffs him. McAdoo quarrels with MacPherson.

Remington fights McAdoo politically and is beaten. McAdoo then accepts him as his first friend. Remington sees the "day" of his rise.

Remington promises Kathleen he will always be McAdoo's faithful supporter. Remington is elected to the legislature. Mrs. Dunmeade, wife of the governor, seeks McAdoo's aid.

McAdoo becomes more honest and poses as a reformer. He fights the railroad and steel interests and attempts to become boss of the city.

One of McAdoo's lieutenants betrays delegates, and Bob takes the blame. He joins forces with governor Dunmeade and Murchell, boss of the state. McAdoo decides to run for mayor.

Eleanor Gilbert hears Remington nominate McAdoo and meets him. She proves to be the "lady of his dreams."

McAdoo, jealous of her power over Remington, his only friend, quarrels with her. Murchell, boss of the state, because McAdoo does not help him more, McAdoo's hatred for Eleanor grows.

He asks her to discourage Remington in his infatuation. She refuses. She then learns that McAdoo was the man who saved her life.

Steel King Sanger asks McAdoo to desert Dunmeade and Murchell, but Bob refuses. Remington's love affair with Eleanor does not prosper.

She presses him almost fiercely. "Friends? Even your friend McAdoo?"

"For God's sake, don't!"

"What?" she said mockingly. "Then 'everything' doesn't mean everything?"

Slowly his hands fell to his side. His face was very white, his eyes unutterably weary.

"No; 'everything' doesn't mean everything. When he asked me to give

you up I refused. If you should demand that I give him up I must make the same answer; otherwise I must be utterly contemptible. I forced my friendship on him against his will. If it means anything to him now I can't take it away from him."

"My dear friend," she said aloud

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gently. "I'm not tempting you, because I have nothing to offer you in exchange for the sacrifice. I'm only showing you what it means to care for an intensely selfish woman. And I—I should like to care for you, but I dare not. I'm too much like Mr. McAdoo. I can never let myself love any man with whom I am not first. And he hates me. It dates from a day eleven years ago when he saved my life." Paul looked up, astounded. "He has hated the memory of me ever since, I think. If I married you, sooner or later we should come to the place where you must hurt him or me. That would mean misery for us both. I can never think seriously of caring for you until he withdraws his objections to me—or until you are willing to give him up for me."

He made no answer. She went close to him and laid a hand gently on his arm.

"Don't you see?"

He caught her hand closely in both of his. "Do you think," he demanded fiercely—"do you think you could ever come to care for me?"

"I wish you could make me," impulsively.

"Then," he said, with sudden determination, "when you do we will teach him what a wonderful woman you are, and he will approve."

"And that would be the only way it could be, I think, for you could never cast him aside, and I could never ask you to—never let you."

She withdrew her hand gently from his ardent grasp.

"And now," she said brightly, with an air of dismissing the topic, "did you know that you are to dine with Henry and me tonight? And afterward you are to take me to church. The preacher is very dull, but at least listening to him will serve as a sort of penance for our sins."

After dinner, while Eleanor was out of the room, Sanger for the second time took Paul up into a high mountain and showed unto him all the kingdoms of the earth. These he in-

cluded might become Paul's if only the latter would help him (Sanger) to drive the mulish, but headed foes of industrial progress into utter and unending oblivion. Paul laughingly declined the honor. In the exalted mood following his conversation with Eleanor to resist temptation was easy.

"It comes too high," he laughed. "I've got to stick to McAdoo."

"Bring him along by all means. He would be a welcome addition to our gaudy company. I've mentioned the matter to him myself, but he refused, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension of my motives. Perhaps he might be persuaded to reconsider his refusal."

Paul shook his head. "You don't know McAdoo."

The preacher proved to be as dull as Eleanor had predicted. For a few minutes Paul dutifully tried to fix his attention on the discourse, but he soon gave over the effort and fell to watching her. He noticed her looking queerly toward a retired corner in one of the galleries. He followed the line of her gaze and gasped in astonishment.

"Ye gods, Kathleen has brought Bob to church!"

"Is Miss Flinn with him?" she whispered. "Which one?"

"To the right. I'll let you into a secret. Kathleen is in love with Bob."

"Indeed!" she said indifferently.

But several times during the service she caught her gaze straying from the pulpit to the man in the gallery and the sweet faced woman beside him.

As he was leaving her Eleanor said: "Will you take me to call on Miss Flinn?"

"Gladly! I'm sure you and she will become good friends."

For the next few days Paul saw Eleanor daily. She was very kind to him, and he was therefore lifted into the seventh heaven. He took Eleanor to call on Kathleen early in the week. His prophecy that they would become good friends was not fulfilled, at least immediately. Kathleen, with a self-consciousness foreign to her, saw in Eleanor's honest efforts to please her only patronage, and Eleanor, chilled,

was convinced that the older woman

disliked her. Kathleen returned the call a few days later, but at that time Eleanor had left the city to spend the week and with her cousin, Mrs. Dunmeade.

Twenty-four hours in the governor's mansion made Eleanor regret her visit. The beautiful sympathy and simplicity of the Dunmeade household, by their very contrast recalling her own unhappy marriage, made her life seem utterly empty. The afternoon of her second day at the capitol she had gone to Mrs. Dunmeade's sitting room and had surprised the governor there romping with the children while his wife looked smilingly on.

Eleanor, unnoticed and feeling her presence in the pretty little group a profanation, tiptoed back to her room, where she brooded disconsolately on her loneliness. Not until the governor's footsteps sounded along the hallway did she venture to return to Mrs. Dunmeade. The youngest child, a little boy just learning to walk, was rubbing his eyes sleepily, and Eleanor, taking him into her arms, crooned a slumber song to him while Mrs. Dunmeade sewed.

"I always make the little ones' clothes myself," Mrs. Dunmeade explained.

Eleanor nodded understandingly. "I know. I would myself if I had babies of my own, and I wouldn't leave them to a nurse." She held the little sleeper closer. "I understand now how you could leave your beautiful home and all your old friends to come here."

"It was a little hard at first," Mrs. Dunmeade said softly, so as not to disturb the baby's slumber, "but I soon got over that. We've been here six years now, and I'll hate to leave it. I've had John and the children, and our old friends, the best of them at least, visit us often. Occasionally, too, we meet very interesting people. By the way, we are to have one such for dinner this evening, one of your city's politicians, Robert McAdoo."

Eleanor almost dropped the child in her astonishment. "Robert McAdoo?"

"You know him, then?" Mrs. Dunmeade's question convicted her of duplicity, since Paul Remington had written her, confiding to her a little of his trouble.

The child stirred uneasily, and Eleanor hummed a few bars of the slumber song before she answered.

"Yes. I've met him three times in my life. And he hates me."

Later in the afternoon the governor came in, accompanied by Murchell, who had left the municipal campaign in Philadelphia to be at a conference with Robert McAdoo.

Dusk had fallen when the little group broke up to dress for dinner. Mrs. Dunmeade went with Eleanor to the latter's room.

"How pretty may we look tonight?" Eleanor asked smilingly.

"Our very prettiest," Mrs. Dunmeade smiled back.

"But not Mr. McAdoo?"

Mrs. Dunmeade interrupted laughingly. "My dear, you don't know the American man. If you've never seen Robert McAdoo in the evening I promise you a surprise. You'll forget the mill hand and tough politician."

"Then he is a tough politician?"

"Judge for yourself tonight." And Mrs. Dunmeade with a twinkle in her eyes left Eleanor alone. The latter proceeded to make a very careful toilet.

When she descended to the library she found Murchell there alone. He greeted her with a courtly bow.

"Will you allow an old man to say that you are a very beautiful young lady, Mrs. Gilbert?"

She dropped him a courtesy. "I assure you, I'm not half so good as I'm good to look at."

"But I expect you to be. You mustn't disappoint me."

She shook her head, laughing, and promptly changed the subject.

"Who are these dignified gentlemen looking down on us? Governors?"

"Yes—that is—And beginning with the portrait of the state's first governor, a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and statesman, he guided Eleanor around the room, telling her briefly what each man had done or failed to do. It was not always an honorable tale. The last, hung in an obscure corner, was Dunmeade's, painted and hung during his first term. Eleanor studied it in silence for a few moments.

"He's a good man, isn't he?" she asked at last.

Murchell answered with deep feeling. "The best I know and the most misunderstood."

The governor and his wife entered.

"Is it a secret?" the latter asked gayly. Mrs. Dunmeade was very happy that evening.

"Mr. Murchell has been telling me about our governors," Eleanor answered, concealing her disappointment over the interruption. "I wonder whose picture will be hung there next."

She saw a quick, meaning glance pass between Murchell and the governor's wife. But for answer Mrs. Dunmeade merely laughed and said evasively, "Oh, one never knows what a day may bring forth in politics."

They were chatting before the governor's portrait when the tinkle of the doorbell was heard. Eleanor, with amused expectancy, stepped back into the corner where she could not be seen by Bob at once.

He entered, and Eleanor, warned as she had been by Mrs. Dunmeade, could hardly repress a start of surprise. His manner as he met their cordial welcome was neither repelling nor eager, but rather the quiet dignity of a man who was sure of his footing. Eleanor found herself rejoicing that she had not attempted to patronize him during his call.

"I believe you have met Mrs. Gilbert," Mrs. Dunmeade said when the first greetings were over.

(To Be Continued.)

Use Herald want ads for results.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

not only cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth without injury, but imparts purity and fragrance to the breath, removing instantly the odor of tobacco.

Husband Tells Story of Mrs. Guthrie's Long Illness and Is Glad She Is Now Relieved

Beantown, N.C.—Mr. Luther Guthrie writes as follows: "My wife suffered with horrible headaches, for ten years, and I spent Three Hundred Dollars for doctor bills for her, but nothing did her any good."

I had read about Cardui for years back, but never tried it, until last October, when I decided to get it for my wife.

Now she has taken two bottles, and it has done her two thousand dollars worth of good.

She is entirely well, and has not had another attack of headache since she commenced to take Cardui.

Just as long as the medicine is made, I shall have Cardui in my home. I can't praise it half enough."

Cardui has cured sick women, after other medicines have failed. It is made of ingredients that act specifically on the womanly constitution. It is not a cure all. It is a medicine for women, and only for women.

For more than 50 years it has been in widely extended use, by women of all ages, and has given perfect satisfaction, as a remedy for rebuilding womanly health and strength.

Try it yourself. It will help you.

N. R.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper on request.

DEAN W. S. CARTER, Medical College, Galveston.

GOOD - BYE CATARRH

HYOMEL Quickly Clears Stuffed-Up Head and Stops Sneezing and Hayfever.

Get rid of catarrh now! It will grow worse as you grow older. One day of breathing pleasant, healing HYOMEL (pronounced "High-o-mel") the guaranteed catarrh remedy, sold by druggists everywhere, will give you such wonderful relief that you will wonder why you

Catarrh Gone—Thousands Sing the Praises of Hyomel

Mr. Nat Reiss, who brings his show to El Paso for the Statehood Celebration, commencing Monday, Oct. 16, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, is known throughout the West as "The Carnival King," a nom de plume which has been thrust upon him by press and public wherever he has had occasion to present his attractions.

Mr. Reiss personally manages his company, and is by no means a new man in the business, having toured the

NAT REISS, The Carnival King.

west for twelve consecutive years with his company, and being noted for his strictly high class, clean and moral presentations.

The Chamber of Commerce is to be complimented upon contracting with the Reiss Show, for what we want in El Paso during the celebration is the very best in good, clean amusement, and judging from press notices from where they have been appearing, the Reiss Shows are the very best in their line, having twenty high class attractions.

Mr. Reiss, aside from his business proclivities, is a member of many lodges, being a 32nd degree Mason, a Shriner, an Elk, a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and a Woodman of the World.

We are always glad to welcome an aggregation of high-standing such as this, and especially to El Paso's grandest celebration in years, and it only remains for El Paso to verify Nat Reiss as "The Carnival King."

So Tired

It may be from overwork, but the chances are its from an inactive LIVER.

With a well conducted LIVER one can do mountains of labor without fatigue.

It adds a hundred per cent to ones earning capacity.

It can be kept in healthful action by, and only by

Tutt's Pills

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Anyone interested in the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Croup, Stomach and Bowel troubles—Eckman's Alternative is the effective remedy. Read Mr. Kanaly's statement—Saxatoga, N.Y.

"Gentlemen: For five or six years I was troubled with cough and expectoration. I also had a high fever. My case was declared Consumption by my physician. I was given Cod Liver Oil, Creosote and other medicines, all without benefit."

"At Christmas time, 1908, I was not expected to live. Calling Dr. R. H. McCarthy, he advised the use of Eckman's Alternative, which I took with excellent results and was entirely cured."

"During the past year I have gained 15 lbs. I go out in all weathers and have had no cough or cold whatever. I give these facts to encourage others to use Eckman's Alternative."

(Signed) Affiliated with JAS. W. KANALY, Eckman's Alternative is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Trouble, and in unbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiates or habit-forming drugs. For sale by Kelly & Pollard, Knoblauch Drug Co., Peoples Drug Store, and other leading druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence.

Consumption

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Special attention given to mail orders. 406 San Francisco St. El Paso, Texas.

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Automobile Supplies and Accessories.

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EMPSON'S

Pork and Beans, Pumpkin, Peas, Sauerbrast, String Beans, Sugar Peas, Hominy.

Empson's Particular Packing Retains the Natural Flavor. Ask your grocer.

GORDON HAT FACTORY

(Formerly With John R. Seaton.)

All kinds of hats cleaned and blocked by an expert. We

Stiff hats a specialty—curled and reblocked in updated shapes. Mail us your hats.

106 TEXAS ST.

NOTICE

The firm of Magruder & Stevens, Dentists, was dissolved June 24th, 1911, by mutual consent. Dr. J. D. Stevens is in no way connected with Dr. H. A. Magruder or the Dental Profession or otherwise.

H. A. MAGRUDER.

TEN YEARS OF HORRIBLE HEADACHE

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